

Maybe You'll Like It, Eds

*Ultimate Reddie Smut
Series - I*

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Maybe You'll Like It, Eds by yallreddieforthis

Series: [Ultimate Reddie Smut Series \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Richie decides to ask Eddie if he'd like to try something new in the bedroom and Eddie accepts, but he didn't expect it to be so weird...

Then again, he'd do anything for his boyfriend.

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Author's Note:

This is my first time posting smut don't kill me. Also, they're aged up in this so you can all calm down, my good bitches.

“You want to lick my *asshole*?”

This had all begun half an hour prior when Eddie and Richie were in the midst of a heated makeout session and Richie had shyly—an emotion Eddie didn't know his boyfriend possessed—asked Eddie if they could ‘try something new’. Eddie considered himself a fairly open person and every sexual fantasy Richie had sprung on him in the past had all been enjoyed and, more often than not, *repeated* so he gave him a warm smile and asked him what it was. He didn't expect it to be so... *weird*, though.

“You can shower first if you want, it'll be clean!” Richie said defensively, now looking across the room to his boyfriend who had jumped off the bed and started pacing.

“Shower *if I want*? As in you weren't planning on me showering in the first place?!” He shouts in his shrill voice. He ran his fingers through his hair as his brain flipped through how many germs and bacteria would've been involved in that.

Richie stood up and stepped across the room to place his hands on Eddie's shoulders in the hopes of calming him down. He wouldn't want to be the cause of an asthma attack. “If you don't want to do it, we don't have to... It was just a suggestion, Eds,” he says slowly.

Eddie bit the inside of his cheek but he had given up on trying to get him to stop calling him that. "Why do you want to do it anyway...?" he asks quietly. Richie smiled to himself because that meant he was considering it.

"I saw it in some magazines, it looked hot... And if I'm comfortable sticking my dick in there then why not my tongue?"

Eddie looks at him incredulously. "That's... that's not even in the same category! We use condoms! Do you *know* how many diseases you can probably get from that? You-" Richie decided to cut him off before his head exploded.

"Eds, babe, hun, darling, love of my life, apple to my-" *Richie!* "If there was anyone I'd trust to put my tongue inside, it's you. You wanna know why? Because you're insane." Eddie frowns and crosses his arms. "*and*, I know you'll take any precautions necessary to make sure this is clean and safe." Richie had Eddie's face in his hands now and he was looking down at him with an affectionate smile. "C'mon... Maybe you'll like it, Eds."

Eddie stood in place stubbornly for a moment but then Richie started leaving gentle kisses across his forehead and nose. "Fine!" he groaned and stomped off to the bathroom. Richie just laughed and watched his cute bum as he slammed the door behind him from across the hall.

'Why did I even say yes to this? What if this was all just a joke and he's going to make fun of me after? No, Richie is a dick but he wouldn't do that... I hope.' After a generous 1-hour long shower

Eddie put on what Richie called his 'sex pajamas' which consisted of one of Richie's old t-shirts and a pair of boxers.

'Please explain to me how these are 'sex pajamas', Richie'

'You always wear them before sex because you know how fucking cute you look in them'

'No, they're just the only clothes that won't matter when you stain them and make them stink worse than a washing machine could handle so I wear them before you mount me'

Of course, that conversation ended with fantastic sex and Eddie revealing that yes, he wore them because he knew he looked cute in them.

Eddie grimaced and waved his hand in front of him when he entered the room to try and clear the cloud in front of him. Richie was sitting by his open window so he could smoke out of it and even in the dim moonlight, Eddie could count every freckle on his face from across the room. A few were replaced with subtle dimples as Richie turned to him with his usual shit-eating grin.

"Why did you even bother putting on clothes?" he snorts, smoke escaping his lungs with every word and fogging his glasses even more than a moment ago.

"Why did you even bother opening the window?" Eddie retorts and thanks god his mom was gone tonight because the whole house probably stunk of weed or whatever Richie was smoking. He forced out a fake cough and smiled to himself when Richie immediately tossed the joint out of the window and reached towards the spare

inhaler he always kept for him. *'Works every time'*

Richie lazily waved some comic books he found on Eddie's dresser to blow some of the smoke out but gave up pretty easily and slid the window shut halfway. He stalked towards Eddie with relaxed eyes and a cheeky smirk that made his face flush the same way it always did when Richie looked at him that way—even if they've been together for almost three years now.

Richie leads him to his bed and lays him down, kissing him slowly with a hint of reassurance. He could sense Eddie's anxiety about this but he wanted to make sure he would enjoy it so it could hopefully happen again in the future. He had been thinking about it for way too long and he had finally mustered the courage to bring it up to his boyfriend.

Richie starts to kiss Eddie's jaw, and then his neck, and then down towards his collarbone. He loved to tease him, he got such pleasure in watching the smaller boy writhe in anticipation under him so he always spent more than enough time kissing down his soft, always clean skin. He slid his large, cold hands underneath Eddie's shirt to rub along his chest slowly. Unlike Eddie, Richie had grown a lot since puberty and he was roughly a foot taller than his boyfriend by now which meant the material of his shirt pooled around Eddie's small frame. He lightly ran a finger across one of his nipples and in response he whined, probably both out of frustration and sensitivity to his icy fingers. Richie knew it was a mistake to smoke out of his window in November but he wasn't exactly disliking the way Eddie squirmed under his cold touch. He finally lifted the shirt up to Eddie's neck to begin kissing down the center of his ribs (he didn't take it off completely because he knew he would probably need to put it back on after or possibly throughout due to the drop in temperature since he had opened the window).

“Richie, do you want to do this or not?” the flustered boy above him muttered out after many minutes of frustrated wiggling.

“Of course I do, babyboy,” Richie said with a smirk. During sex was the only time he could get away with calling him that because he knew secretly he loved it.

“Then why are you teasing?” he asks with a gentle tug to the fistful of hair Richie hadn’t even realized he had grabbed some time ago.

“Because it’s fun and you’re adorable when you’re squirming under me.”

“If you don’t hurry maybe I’ll change my mind.” At that Richie panics a bit and slides off Eddie’s boxers swiftly. He tosses them aside and kisses his thigh as a request for permission. When Eddie doesn’t move he chuckles and drops his head on his knee for a moment. He lifts his head back up and his dark curls bounce around his face. “You need to lift your hips, Eds. I gotta get in there somehow.” Eddie bites his lips and lets Richie lift him up so he can slide a pillow under him like they sometimes had to do during sex because of Richie’s long legs.

It takes Richie a moment to pry Eddie’s knees apart to give him access to his main objective. Eddie seems suddenly embarrassed of something his boyfriend has probably seen hundreds of times but Richie won’t let him shy away. He leaves small kisses against his inner thighs while his arms wrap around his waist and pin his hips down as his thumbs rub soothing circles against his hip bones. Without a warning, his tongue darts forward and licks from his tailbone all the way up. Eddie’s back arches away from the touch like he’s trying to escape his grasp but Richie lets out soothing noises. “Just relax, Eds... Can you relax for me baby?” Eddie nods hesitantly

in response and closes his eyes with his hands still firmly tangled in Richie's hair. Richie leans back in to lick him again, softer this time to ease him into it. When Eddie doesn't react, he starts with a light rhythm of licking over his hole over and over again. Eddie only responds by hooking his knees around Richie's shoulder to pull him a bit closer. Richie smirks against his skin and presses a bit harder. By the time Eddie had relaxed enough for Richie to slip his tongue inside he was whining desperately underneath him. Richie decided not to tease him any longer and reached around to touch him but was surprised to feel that he was already impressively hard from this. "Do you like this, babyboy?" he whispers and gently bites his thigh to evoke a reaction.

Eddie was embarrassed to admit that he was liking this more than he'd ever expected. As soon as Richie's mouth was on him he had completely forgotten about the germs and was focused on the foreign sensation and odd pleasure he was receiving. Every jolt in the pit of his stomach sent him whining desperately and tugging on his boyfriend's hair—but everyone knew Richie loved that. "Y-yeah..." he finally whispered out.

"Good... Do you think you can cum for me from my tongue?" It wasn't so much about making his boyfriend flustered—although that was a factor—it was more about making sure he was enjoying this enough for Richie to be able to follow through with it.

"Yeah... I think so," he murmurs with a slight nod that Richie couldn't see from his position. He smiles to himself "Good..." he says before going back in and sliding his tongue into him as deep as he physically could. He knew his babyboy had managed to get off just from his cock before so he was hoping this type of penetration would work too.

He swirls his tongue around inside of him while running his fingers along his cock lightly but not enough to get him off. He had to pull away for a moment to toss his glasses aside so he would be able to push his tongue in even deeper. He started pushing it in while fully stroking him now and he could tell he was starting to come undone underneath him. Richie pulls out to start licking over him eagerly now and tries to get a good look at him when he finally cums. "Doing so good, baby... so proud of you."

Eddie's legs twist under him as he lets out needy gasps of air and Richie can recognize that as a sign that he's on the edge. "Go ahead, babyboy..." he whispers and not a second later Eddie cums in thick spurts across his own chest. Richie strokes him through his hair and kisses up his body to try and calm him down.

Richie drops down next to him and nestles his face in his neck, huffing through his nose. When Eddie has regained himself his breathing goes back to normal and he stops wondering if he's having a panic attack or not.

"I told you you'd like it, Eds," Richie whispers against his neck.

"Shut up," he whispers back with a small smile.

Author's Note:

Hope you liked that my good bitches. Please leave suggestions for a kink/subject to write about next since I'm doing a series of mini smut one shots.

And Roxanne, if you're reading this: go away. This is not for you.